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INNOVATOR

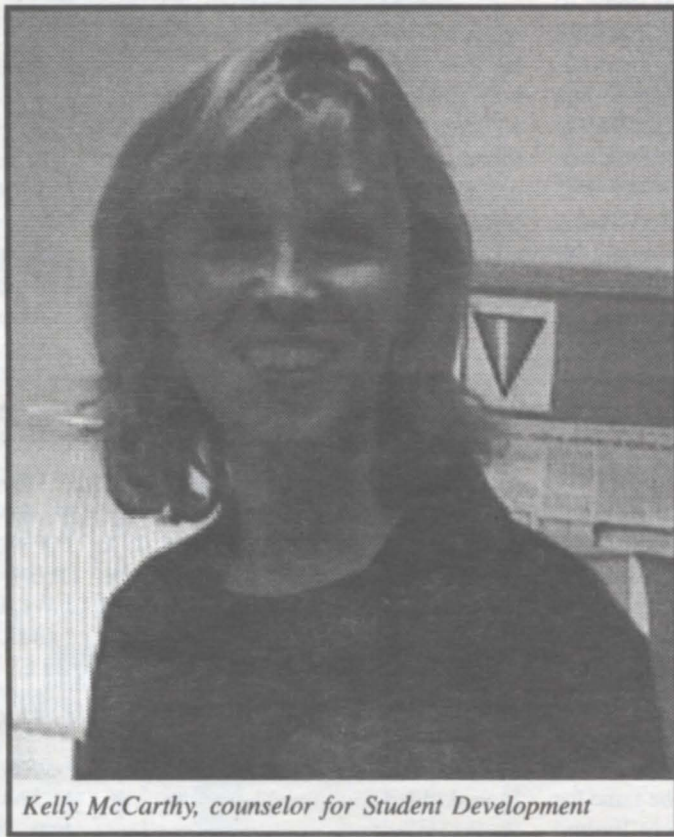
What many people are not aware of

by Cindy Kansoer-Schneider

A woman and two children died Thursday when her car veered off of Lake Shore Drive and plunged into Lake Michigan. The vehicle's headlights were still on as divers retrieved the bodies of Shirley Combest, 33, and her children, eight-year-old Shaniqua and six-year-old Jon. Authorities, alleging that she was depressed over the recent death of her sister, were concerned that Combest might have driven her car into the water intentionally.

Concurrently, news was released regarding Marilyn Lemak who was charged in March with drugging and smothering her three children. Lemak's attorney's contend that she was 'insane' at the time of the alleged killings as she suffered from depression stemming from divorce proceedings. Lemak remains on a suicide watch.

The irony of these stories is that they were broadcast on National Depression Screen-



Kelly McCarthy, counselor for Student Development

ing Day. As part of Mental Health Awareness Week, Kelly McCarthy and Jessica Skorupa from the Student Development

Office, provided free depression screening to the community.

Many people with depression are not aware that they

have a problem. In an effort to assist these people, a day of screening was scheduled at GSU. The screening consisted of answering a two-part questionnaire consisting of 13 questions. Each answer is assigned a point value and the points are added up. The final score may indicate if a problem may be emanating.

"This (screening) is not a diagnosis," stated McCarthy.

The results of the questionnaire was discussed with each individual. Those with moderate to high scores were advised to contact their physician for referral to a mental health professional. They were also provided with a list of local professionals.

People who scored high and whose score indicated the likelihood of a major depression problem, were asked if McCarthy or Skorupa could call as a follow-up the next day.

"Once you do that (call) it's like a verbal contract," McCarthy said, "The person is likely to contact a physician."

One of the major reasons that more people do not seek help for their depression is that they are not aware that they are depressed.

McCarthy said, "They have a nagging feeling about it, but think other people get depressed." Thus, they do not seek treatment.

Many people avoid diagnosis because they are afraid that someone might find something out about them, that there may be a confidentiality breach, or that they will be judged as weak. Though many people recognize that they have a problem and need help, they refrain from doing so feeling that nothing will help or they have gone through treatment and feel that the treatment did not work.

There are many stages of depression ranging from mild to severe. While everyone has experienced depression, it is the mid to severe depression that is of greatest concern.

Mid-stage depression
continued on page 7

Beginnings and endings

Professor Mel Muchnik was selected as the faculty speaker for the September 8th Convocation. His oration depicted the humorous and innovative flavor of Governors State University. Presented for the INNOVATOR's readership's enjoyment is Professor Muchnik's remarks.

GSU FALL CONVOCATION REMARKS

Dr. Mel Muchnik
University Professor of
Media
Communications
September 8, 1999

I was flattered and honored that my faculty colleagues selected me to represent them at this convocation. That is, until I arrived and saw how relieved they looked and realized how nervous I felt.

The last time I stood before a University-wide audience was for a holiday party - giving out awards for dubious

achievement or incomprehensible action. And I think Paul Schranz had a full head of hair. Unfortunately he sent me to his barber.

Then thinking about the last Convocation, I considered doing a quick change. At the last Convocation - Paula took off her orange suit to reveal our futuristic blue colored carpet and she talked about cycles. But do you know how hard it is for a guy to find an orange suit?

We received notice in late July of these faculty excellence awards. And Paula sent a note of congratulations. She identified the theme of the Convocation: "Epilogue as Prologue: Keep All Hands in the Grave." Of course, one of my favorite subjects

I understood the first part - it had to do with endings, beginnings, and cycles.

Then there was the thing about the grave. At first I thought that there was a Commonwealth Edison blackout and perhaps the third floor was trapped.

Then I thought I better

check with a theologian, or perhaps a sage observer of the afterlife. And so I immediately consulted the works of Woody Allen.

I found some quotes I thought might apply.

—"I'm not afraid of dying - I just don't want to be there when it happens."

—"I read on)"I don't believe in an afterlife, although I am bringing a change of underwear."

—"It is impossible to experience one's own death objectively and still carry a t u n e ."

—Finally - in a complete break with a deity Woody Allen observed, "Not only is there no God, but try getting a plumber on week ends."

Well, Paula will have to fill us in later.

Endings, beginnings and cycles. Permit me a bit of nostalgia and a quick history.

What an adventure Governors State University has been! We came to build a university, a different kind of university - a response to the turbulent 60's and 70's - and all the ills of society.

We came with high

energy, commitment, the joy of creating something special. Boy, were we in another world and was it exciting. **WE WERE ABOUT TO BUILD A UNIVERSITY.** No small task. And we were absolutely enchanted by the prospect.

Thomas Moore in "The Reenchantment of Every Day Life" writes that travel for enchantment requires a beginner's mind, [and] a cultivated naiveté, because a jaded attitude toward new places sets up a barrier against the possibility of being charmed..."

And so with our charmed souls, we were off on our incredible voyage. In some ways we were way ahead of our time. In other ways, perhaps just a bit daft. And it is the genesis of this place we call Governors State.

We had all sorts of innovative and wonderful ideas.

Do you remember competency based courses and degrees? What a terrific idea until the transcripts arrived as big as the yellow pages. Our students needed shopping carts to take them to pro-

spective employers or graduate schools.

Then there was cyclical tenure, tenure in 7 year chunks - splitting the difference between academic freedom and senility.

We had no academic departments ... and no walls ... almost literally.

Remember Cortan Steel - like the Picasso - but ours never stopped oxidizing and left gapping holes and unintended scenic views from selected offices.

We had mediated instruction - Media - and something called a SIM - a self-instructional module - that worked for a while then self-destructed.

Think three trimesters is hectic - try six two-month terms for your sanity - something always ending, beginning, being planned or late work cleaned up

And we had committees with representation from every constituency known to man, which spent their first six meetings simply trying to organize and agree on an agenda.

And we did many zany things. We worked

continued on page 4

Index

Campus Alert
page 5

Ima says
page 6

New A&E
page 9

Classifieds
page 12

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Prosecute the guilty

by

Cindy Kansoer-Schneider

Many people have no concept where the Department of Children and Family Services (DCFS) originated from or who funds them. In 1936, TITLE IV of the Social Security Act was ratified that provided Aid for Dependent Children (ADC). This provided funds to each of the states to insure children from a financially destitute home have adequate living conditions. Prior to this children were cared for by privately funded institutions and abuse—including forced labor and prostitution—ran rampant throughout the United States. Each state was required to create an agency to monitor the families in need and to generate reports displaying the needs and the allocation of funds. There exists a dichotomy between what TITLE IV (each state receives etc.) and what the State of Illinois says they receive. According to DCFS, there was no agency provided by the State of Illinois and that needy and abandoned children were cared for by private institutions until 1962 when the Governor of Illinois mandated that an agency be created for this purpose and tax funds allocated to this agency. The agency has gone through some name changes and is known as DCFS at this time.

Provisions remain the same for both funds, including, but not limited to, the reporting of need of the recipients, provision of financial assistance to include housing, clothing, food, and medical care (not televisions, computers, or other forms of amusement), the participation of the parent(s) in an employment opportunity program, social services and counseling to the family, and monitoring of financial and social advancements. It is widely recognized that these services—known as Public Aid—has been and continues to be abused. This abuse stems from the lack of adherence to the provisions of the acts and bills. As usual, the State of Illinois managed to circumvent the requirements for funding and it is my guess that that is why they receive little—if no—funding from the Federal Government.

The lack of follow-up leads to what I take issue with: that cases of extreme abuse result in the child or children being returned to the situation that put them into the care of DCFS. I also agree that DCFS is under-staffed, under-funded, and overloaded with cases that prompt the return of children to their abusive homes. However, the vast amount of hours spent by the caseworkers investigating allegations of child abuse is a waste of their time and money that could be better spent on the children in their care.

If a child reports to a teacher or other school official that his/her parent has struck him/her and has a bruise

or other mark regardless of how the injury was ascertained, the parent comes under immediate investigation and is presumed guilty of child abuse. This may sound far-fetched, however, it has happened.

Recently, a woman was arrested and her toddler was removed from her custody due to her being charged with child abuse. It seems that she was walking in long strides and the child had to run to keep up with her. As most mothers do, she was holding the child's hand. A police officer took note of this and arrested the woman stating that she was causing 'undue physical stress' on the child.

The media reports of the worst kinds of abuse have spawned a near paranoia of the general populace to guard against anyone suspect of such. My oldest daughter was two years old when she slipped out of my grasp and bounded into the street heedless of a Mack truck barreling down on her. In my panic, I rushed after her. Knowing that the truck could not stop in time and not having enough time to grab her and step out of its way, I pushed her out of the way. She fell and skidded to the curb; the truck's bumper hit my hip and I too skidded and joined her at the curb. Fortunately, both of us were not hurt except for a few bruises and scrapes. It wasn't long before the police appeared and to my surprise queried me on how often I abused my daughter. A neighbor witnessed that I had pushed my child, however, she did not take notice of the truck. I was accused of child abuse and an investigation ensued. Obviously, the truck driver corroborated my story. The hospital assured the authorities that my daughter had nothing more than two scraped knees and a bruised elbow, but that I would be extremely sore for a long while. The real abuse to my daughter was that she was frightened by what happened to her, her fright was heightened by what happened to me, and the fright was exacerbated by being taken—if only temporarily—out of my custody.

There is another side to the abuse of the claim of child abuse. Children have been handed a convenient weapon against their parents that they wield very frequently and very skillfully. As I have stated, all a child has to do is have a bruise and go to a teacher and say that his/her parent struck him/her and the authorities are called.

My youngest daughter, Maggie, was angry that I made her go to school. I might add that she had no marks of any kind when she left the house. Mid-afternoon I received a call from her school requesting me to meet with the principal and the police; I had been accused of child abuse. My daughter in the course of the day was struck



in her cheek with a locker door. Seeing her opportunity for revenge, she approached her teacher and told her that I had punched her that morning. The teacher reported to the office that reported it to the police. What was not expected was that the social worker had seen my daughter in the hall earlier in the day and when she noted that I was in conference with the police, she made an inquiry into the situation. If she had not seen Maggie earlier or had not noted my meeting with the police, I would have had a serious situation on my hands.

In all fairness, it has to be pointed out that child abuse is very difficult to prove and many children are returned to abusive parents because of technicalities or loop holes in the system. I imagine that caseworkers and police are extremely frustrated on a daily basis as they strive to help children only to see their efforts dissolve into hopelessness for the children. This would also explain their exuberance in investigating reports of abuse.

The need to find guilt in a person is not limited to the United States. I noticed a recent report that came out of Canada that at first stated that it was a miracle that an eighteen month old girl had survived an extraordinarily long fall and was merely bruised. Her mother was walking across a very slim bridge when she lost her balance and the infant slipped from her grasp and fell over the rail. Later, the mother was investigated and grilled 'for hours' on whether the child slipped from her grasp or if she deliberately dropped her. Allegedly, a witness had come forth and produced a picture of the mother with her empty arm extended over the rail. The authorities also discovered that the mother was divorced from the father and was seeking financial assistance. She allegedly claimed that she could not take care of her daughter who is a Down's Syndrome child. Suddenly, the mother is suspect. The fact is that no one saw her throw or drop the child over the rail.

With child abuse accusations, you are guilty until you prove yourself innocent. What I find even more frustrating is that the authorities are too busy persecuting the innocent to prosecute the guilty.

described above, and an office where the heat works only half of the time (and that's when no one is here).

Don't take my complaining as griping; I am just stating the facts. The *INNOVATOR* staff works very hard to produce a quality paper for the student body. But with what seems to me to be very little support from the one who holds the purse, producing such a work is difficult, if not near to impossible. I am not asking for anything—well, maybe some suggestions—I am just saying that if you're not helping then quit complaining.

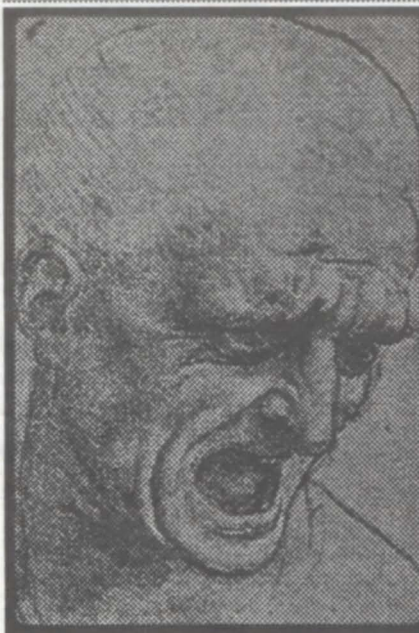
Reflections of Melissa K. Johnson

As a new member of the *INNOVATOR* staff, I was excited and a little apprehensive—unsure of what to expect. I was a little nervous as I went up the elevator to the office. As I stood there in the doorway, my apprehension was rising along with my excitement. I had made it past the door; then I wished I hadn't.

I am in complete shock and disgust. The computer that I am sitting in front of—the instrument of my mental destruction—has no CD ROM, no sound

system, no printer, and no internet connection (I found this out in the first three minutes). What it does have is a 33MHz speed drive, Word 2.0, and a 5-inch floppy—yes, I said 5-inch floppy—disk drive. For those of you who have been upstairs in A wing (by the big-screen TV) that are saying "No way!" YES, WAY! For some reason yet to be explained to me, our school newspaper has one new computer not completely programmed yet, one computer that will print the paper out, two computers as

The Roving Curmudgeon



Before We Begin.....

Attention humans; I consider myself a man of my word. A couple of weeks back, I promised the Students In Communications Club that I would write something nice about them. I made this promise in exchange for a piece of pizza. I would like to state that I was not bought - I simply agreed to do this because I like these people and believe they could use a little press. I consider that the following statement pays that debt off in full: The people in the Students In Communications Club are nice, friendly, All-American folks that you wouldn't be afraid to let into your homes, and you shouldn't be afraid to let them into your hearts. Thank You.

And Now.....

As long as we're on the subject of politics, I would like to say that I am dreading the impending invasion of our good ol' U.S. of A. by our devious neighbors to the North, the Canadians. Laughable, you say? O.K., I'm willing to bet that what you said was closer to "Stupid," but c'mon people, work with me. Allow me to explain. You see, with the year 2000 approaching us at the same inexorable rate it has been for, well.....2000 years, we are now suddenly vulnerable (having been caught completely by surprise by the fact that the millennium was coming to a close) to attacks from people we never anticipated would dare assault our sovereignty.

The "so called" Millennium

The Canadians are Coming!

by Josh Dipert

Bug, ("so called" because the next millennium does not actually begin until Jan. 01, 2001 - people, there is no year 00) is poised to shut down America's power grids, air traffic control systems, Treasury Department, and military machine at 12:00:01a.m. Jan. 01, 2000. this will happen because some computer programmers in the 60's and 70's didn't want to pay for an extra two bytes of data storage, causing computers to be unable to recognize the year 2000, making the computer believe that it has not yet been invented. This is damaging to the computer's self esteem, causing it to become maudlin, depressed, and for all intents and purposes, inoperable. Damn those heartless computer programmers! Damn them!

These depressed machines will be useless to our society, and with no will to live, they will no longer protect us from the galloping hordes that McCarthy, Washington, and Reagan never believed would dare set foot upon American soil! Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the fine citizens of America will be brought to their knees, awash in hordes of Communists, Hippies, Philosophers, Men with Pointed Sticks, and - horror of horrors.....the monstrosity polite Canadians! That's correct, folks: Canadians. Now, I hate to be the harbinger of doom, but someone needs to get this information out there to you folks. If it wasn't for me, most of you probably wouldn't hear about this, just like you wouldn't hear that Hillary Clinton is registered with the Federal Election Commission as a Presidential candidate. So, I'm just trying to help.

You might wonder how I know about this. Folks, foreigners (or as I like to call them, Un-Americans) have been plotting this for years. They have cleverly been speaking of it right out in the open, using a variety of codes they refer to as "Native Languages," blithely making the arrogant assumption that we, as a people, were not clever enough to catch on to their nefarious scheme. Well folks, while these "Languages" are nearly incomprehensible without a trained code-

breaker at your side, I was able to determine the true scope of this evil scheme by listening to a pair of men on a Greyhound (Greyhound - most people walk away from our crashes!) Bus. One man claimed to be from Canada, and began a "casual" conversation with the man in the seat next to him. Coincidentally, the man next to him stated he was from Switzerland. After some carefully scripted conversation in English, the Swiss male (or Switzer, as they like to be called) asked the telling question: "Do you speak 'German?'" This indicated to me that the Switzer was about to discuss the details of the planned invasion, and wanted to be certain that both parties would be using the same code!

The two men conversed for almost the entire extent of the journey, and I was, as they expected, in the dark the entire time. But I did hear the word "America" repeatedly. I was now convinced that the Swiss were part of this scheme. So, after exiting the bus (without the bus crashing, I might add) I cornered my Canadian "friend." I interrogated him mercilessly for hours, and in the end, his resistance broke. I was able to crack his "Language," and now knew the ugly truth. You see, whenever a Canadian says "Eh?" at the end of a sentence, what he is really saying is "The meaning of the entire sentence preceding this sound is to be transposed. I was lying to misdirect the stupid Americans." This is why Canadians always seem so friendly -they secretly hate us! Anyway, here is the plan.....

On the morning of January 01, 2000, Canadians will stream over the border en masse. This will be coordinated precisely with the arrival of Swiss shock troopers, who will stream in, through Mexico and Cuba, disguised as tourists and Chocolatiers. They will then begin, by example, to wreak havoc upon our society, while we stand helpless, mindlessly following our new, polite, and friendly masters. They will conquer us, and turn our mighty nation, a nation of individuals who don't give a

damn about anyone else, into just another fondue dippin' peace loving, idyllic society. Clearly we cannot allow this to happen, but what can we do to stop it?

I know exactly what must be done. As of 11:55:00p.m. on December 31, 1999, a special order must go out to all broadcast outlets declaring martial law. The orders to the citizenry will be simple - anyone caught breaking any of the following laws, or manifesting any of the following behaviors, is to be shot on sight.

1) It must be made illegal to be polite. While this already seems to be the case, it can now be made into a legal and easy identifier of Un-Americans. It is widely known that Canadians, Switzers, British, and other nationalities are polite to a fault; they hold open doors, say "excuse me," and generally are pleasant and friendly in conversation. We can easily spot the conspirators in this manner, and deal with them harshly.

2) Allowing someone to go ahead of you in the line at the store when they have one item and you have 80, for which you will be paying by check: Death Penalty.

3) Yielding right-of-way at an intersection: Death Penalty.

4) Helping someone with a flat tire on the side of the highway: Death Penalty

Finally, no longer can we tolerate the reckless proliferation of pro-immigrant sentiment. Pat Buchanon has been saying for years how cheap immigrant labor has weakened the American economy, and God bless him, he's right! Therefore, I propose that we not only send back all of the illegal immigrants in this country to whatever crappy hellhole they came from, but I also say we should forcibly remove all of the descendants of those thieving immigrants who came here over the years, stealing jobs from the rightful citizens of this continent. That's right - If you or any ancestor of yours at any time was an immigrant - out you go! If we do this, then we will all have helped to make our great country a better place. My fellow Americans, it is in your hands.

Letter to the editor.....

Dear Editor:

Thanks for your article on East Timor. Justice to the blood of the victims demands that we Americans know our complicity in this horror.

I hope you will address this issue that effects us all.

My friend, Dr. Pamela Smith, a Chicago obstetrician, testified to Congress about the damaging effects of the procedure commonly known as Partial Birth Abortion on women's bodies. When we see the description of how this procedure is done, our common sense tells us that it must be unhealthy for the woman undergoing it. This procedure is used after 20 weeks of pregnancy. The doctor doing an abortion is guided by ultrasound and grabs the baby's leg with forceps. He then pulls the baby's entire body except for the head; he jams a scissors into the baby's skull, which he then opens to enlarge the hole. A suction tube is inserted to suck out the brains, which causes the skull to collapse. Then the dead baby is removed. This procedure is performed thousands of times a year in this country. It is mostly done in the 5th and 6th months of pregnancy, but sometimes it is done later.

This is an extremely painful procedure for the baby. Animal rights groups would be up at arms if we did this to puppies.

This is a cruel and inhumane technique that all women have the right to understand, but it is not explained to them.

We all have a right to know that the Partial Birth Abortion Ban Act, which Congress has passed twice and has been vetoed by President Clinton twice, has been reintroduced. The bill would ban Partial Birth Abortions except when the mother's life is endangered. The wording is identical to that endorsed by the American Medical Association. The American Medical Association has stated that this procedure is never medically necessary.

I feel that women are being exploited by this horrid procedure. We deserve information about this technique.

Thank You.

Linda Stack
Graduate Student in Psychology

Beginnings

continued from front page
hard - and still do - and played
hard - which we do less - and that
too helped build a sense of commu-
nity.

There was Skylab Lawn Party. Twenty years ago NASA announced that the spacecraft Skylab was tumbling out of orbit and would crash land sometime in July, anywhere in the world. We thought we could be as precise as NASA.

We put out a press release that we knew when and where Skylab would return and invited Skylab to crash land on our campus. GSU wound up on the front page of the Wall Street Journal and countless media outlets across the country. Our release said in part - and I have it in front of me "The University's Skylab Advance Team, claiming that its precise estimates are as accurate as NASA's precise estimates, is sticking to its July 14th date, from 2 to 9 p.m. At that time the University has invited Skylab to crash land on its campus during a festive afternoon. The public is invited to the GSU campus and is urged to bring all power of persuasion to lure Skylab to earth at the 753 acre campus. Thus would the 78-ton spacecraft join the University's other monumental sculptures.

Then there were the Leo Awards - given each holiday season for dubious achievement or incomprehensible action. The awards as well as the award recipients were nominated from throughout the University community. Then the awards and the nominees were all hermetically sealed until the moment of truth. We had sight gags with the "Significant Height Award" - for example, just having a John Stoll and Rebecca Boston standing together as they did earlier. There was the "Former Jesuit Priest" award. We actually had 7 nominees. Then there was the "Former

Competency Award," an historical award in recognition of the University's former competency based system. The award recognized former competency.

And there was the ever-expanding staff and faculty. We always had new positions in the early years and used to make up the titles with abandon. At one time we requested a "University Coroner" position, which almost got approved before someone caught on that it was a joke.

We have had a cycle of Presidents - JUST 3 IN 30 YEARS - all have had considerable energy, and dedication and something to give us, and all had a few bumps along the way.

To each I would repeat a toast I once found myself giving on the occasion of a departing Provost, Curtis McCray. We were standing on the roof of the building and I was asked to propose the first toast. What came to mind for some unknown reason was something from Marshall McLuhan, who said "We march backwards into the future."

Then I added - "The cadence has been irregular but the direction proper." I wasn't sure what I had said, but Ed Cehelnik said "here, here!" and all joined in. It seemed so wise. Our first President, whose initials were so appropriate - WEE -

William E. Engbretson, small in stature, big in ideas - believed you could do anything and would often have several groups trying to work on the same problem unbeknownst to each other. He had rocking chairs in his office though he sat in a higher chair. Then Bill took the road west into the sunset and the Billy Jack Foundation.

From the short of it, we then went to the tall of it - a tall drink of water with a basso voice. Leo Goodman-Malamuth had to figure out how to make sense of the considerable chaos of our charming energies and our

former President. He did that with elegance, reassurance and charm, made things work and gave us considerable community credibility. A sluggish economy proved one of the biggest obstacles of his 16-year tenure. Then he too rode off into the west.

Then as the sharks circled, thinking this building might make a good shopping mall, Paula Wolff came to the rescue. Who better than Paula to fight for resources when GSU went from a five University Board with an aggregate number of students the size of the University of Illinois, to a one University Board representing students on a patio in a corn field? Who better than Paula to fight for resources, which she has done so successfully, and set in, motion many initiatives and new directions?

Now Paula in her memo about her future ... and ours ... cautioned against an alliteration of P's - no portraits, no parties ... no POIGANCY. But she did not mention podium. And I have the podium.

Paula, this may be the last large gathering of the University before you too ride off ... probably NOT to the west.

So, on behalf of the faculty, I would like to take this brief moment to thank Paula for her tireless and remarkable energies, her dedication and commitment and her unceasing efforts to get this University more broadly recognized and to give us the means to be a University in which we can all take pride. Thank you Paula for this and so much more.

We should note that there is construction to come ... and Paula Wolff's legacy will be both tangible as well as in many enduring initiatives.

Now we go to our fourth president in 30 years. And of course, a key question will be ... how tall will he or she be?

We have begun a process that is sure to energize us once again. Certainly there are many challenges and opportunities

COMMUNITY - Working toward a university community that comes together ... off task as well as on.

STUDENT CENTEREDNESS - Adapting to changing environments, technologies, competition and being as student centered as we can be and our students deserve.

DISTANCE LEARNING AND TECHNOLOGY - The lines are blurring. Our on-campus students are also our off-campus students. The classroom can be four close walls or walls pushed back a few thousand miles.

I am convinced that the faculty will have increasing options and opportunities, using technologies or not. But that will also require leadership to provide incentives and means to our own faculty, as well as faculty involvement at all stages of instructional development. Distance education or distributed learning cannot be an added responsibility which comes out of faculty hides, even a willing faculty. GSU is positioned well for these increasing options for teaching and learning. Our students will increasingly demand options and the very best combination of pedagogies to accommodate varied learning styles and circumstance.

But look at what we have accomplished here!

- Thousands of GSU alumni take pride in being our graduates.
- The GSU budget has pumped hundreds of millions of dollars into the southern suburbs.
- We've become an invaluable resource involved in any number of community projects.
- Our faculty and students have become involved and made an impact nationally and internationally and brought attention and credit to GSU.
- And individually we are active in the affairs of the surrounding communities in which we live in so many different ways.

Regardless of your position in this University, all of us have a role to play in our success. We are invested in each other's success.

As a faculty member in Arts and Sciences, it is important that my Dean be successful. But to me, and I hope to you, it is also important that the Dean of Business and Public Administration succeed ... as should the Professor of Education ...

The librarian on the reference desk ...

The television director in Communications Services

My colleagues in Art, and Criminal Justice,

The student in Health Administration ... the counselor in Admissions ... and the staff in Student Life.

And the person who is the University President.

WE ARE ALL INVESTED IN EACH OTHER'S SUCCESS.

It is time to recommit to each other. It is time that we all take pride in this place. Look at what we have done together:

WE BUILT A UNIVERSITY

A note of thanks to two individuals in Student Life for their concern and help extended to the *INNOVATOR*.

Thanks for joining us; we appreciate your participation.

The *INNOVATOR* Staff

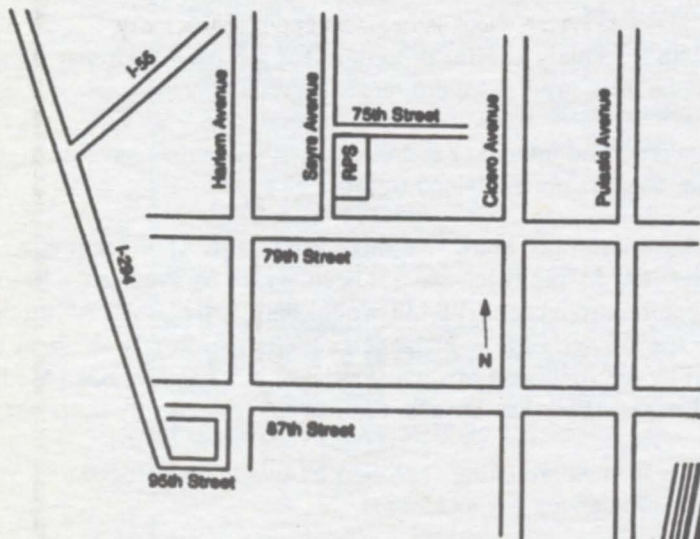
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Madame Macassa's Hardly Horoscopes

Aries (March 21 - April 19): When Aries, relax. Kick off your shoes. Put your feet up, but not too far up or you'll fall out of your chair. This is a good month for you, take time to savor it.

Lucky Days: 11 & 18
Lucky Color: Orange



Taurus (April 20 - May 20): Money-minded Taurus, don't worry about financial burdens this month. Go out and purchase a lottery ticket; who knows - you might get lucky.

Lucky Days: 9 & 15
Lucky Color: Green



Gemini (May 21 - June 20): The twins are in opposition again. Don't fret, emotional turmoil will subside either way. They will stop fighting or they will kill each other. Look for love in the classifieds, the ad is meant for you.

Lucky Days: 3 & 17
Lucky Color: Purple



Cancer (June 21 - July 22): You have been hiding. Come out of your shell or people will mistake you for dinner. Say what's on your mind and you will be rewarded.

Lucky Days: 2 & 6
Lucky Color: Pink



Leo (July 23 - Aug. 22): Cool off Leo, you're not as hot as you think you are. Start putting others before yourself, you may be surprised by the outcome.

Lucky Days: 7 & 12
Lucky Color: Red



Virgo (Aug. 22 - Sept. 22): Mother Earth is calling (so you better mind her). You will be given a special offer, say YES!!

Lucky Days: 4 & 9
Lucky Colors: Brown



Libra (Sept. 23 - Oct. 22): Oh poor dear, always searching for love. Why don't you let love find you. Don't worry being whole isn't everything, half is okay.

Lucky Days: 1 & 10
Lucky Colors: Blue



Scorpio (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21): Lose the stinger, it's hurting us. Remember, only you have control over yourself, let go of your repressed feelings. Chill out. Have a cocktail.

Lucky Days: 2 & 7
Lucky Color: Gray



Sagittarius (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21): You, once the hunter, are now the hunted! Watch your back. This role reversal is teaching you a lesson.

Lucky Days: 5 & 9
Lucky Color: Yellow



Capricorn (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19): If you're wondering why you've been a little under the weather, couldn't it be you're working too hard? Over-achievers let yourselves heal. Go to the park, sit on a bench, and view the Autumn Life.

Lucky Days: 4 & 8
Lucky Color: Indigo



Aquarius (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18): Open the curtains, let the sunshine in. You are quite the social butterfly this month, but you are every month. Have fun. Turn it loose.

Lucky Days: 1 & 6
Lucky Color: Gold



Pisces (Feb. 19 - March 20): Remember to trust your gut feelings. Don't eat too much chocolate this month. You love to eat, yet exercise isn't in your vocabulary lately. Try to get out and swim a few laps (wait a half hour after eating).

Lucky Days: 4 & 13
Lucky Color: Silver

Campus alert

From Tim Arr, interim vice president of Administration and Planning

At around 7 p.m. on Wednesday, October 6th, an unknown white man approached a Governors State University female student in the campus parking lot. While she was unharmed, GSU would like to inform the university community of the event that occurred and to remind everyone of some common sense practices to further ensure your safety.

A man about six feet tall, weighing 160 to 180 lbs., with very dark brown hair, a thin nose, and bushy eyebrows, said he was a Governors State University police officer. He did not show any type of identification. He was wearing black pants, a white collared shirt and a black windbreaker jacket. He had a long flashlight hanging from his waist and handcuffs attached to his belt loop.

He told the student that someone had attempted to break into her car. He then offered her a ride to the parking booth to fill out a report. She acted quickly and got into her vehicle and drove away. She drove home and placed a call to the GSU Department of Public Safety about the incident.

While GSU is investigating the incident and continues active patrol of the grounds by the university police, we need your help to ensure a safe environment and encourage you to follow these steps:

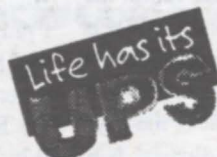
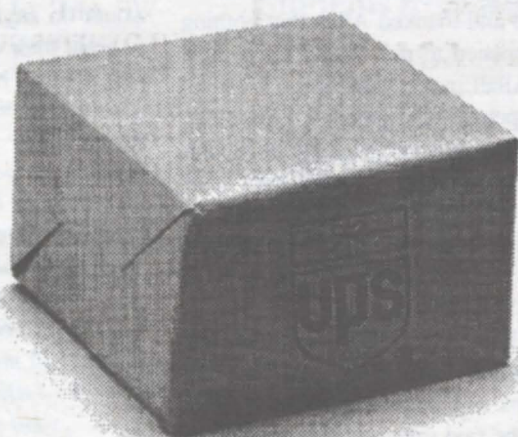
- All GSU police officers wear official police uniforms with prominently displayed name identification. If someone does approach you and does not display Department of Public Safety identification, please notify the DPS office at extension 4900 or call 911.
- GSU provides an escort service available by calling the DPS non-emergency number (ext. 4900). It is always prudent to walk to your car with others during nighttime hours.
- Contact the Department of Public Safety at ext. 4900 if you see any suspicious activity.

If you have any additional questions or concerns, please feel free

to contact the Department of Public Safety (ext. 4900) at any time.

Thank you for giving the matter your utmost attention.

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Hope of Peace

by Alisher Bozorov

It was the summer of 1992 in Tajikistan, a small country just west of China. I was twelve years old and lived in the middle of a ceaseless civil war. My father feared for my family's safety and was afraid that I would be hurt. So, one day, he decided to send me on a bus to Dushanbe, the capital. It was very dangerous to go there, but he sent me to be with my Grandma who was growing old and could not live safely on her own.

Many people were going on buses to the capital, so I barely found a place to sit. Everyone was sweaty and dusty. It was unbelievably hot; after sitting on the bus for five minutes, I was drenched in sweat. The bus smelled like body odor all around, and people were fanning themselves with paper fans. People shouting and babies crying made every sound echo in my ears. The floor was covered with careless papers and chewed up sunflower seed shells. The drive seemed to last forever, but it was only about an hour long. About five miles from the capital three gold cars and one brown van tailgated us. They had the word "Allah" spray-painted all over the cars and van. Two of the cars came in front of the bus and stopped it. The other car and van stopped behind the bus. Everyone in the bus became instantly terrified. The children were crying, and their mothers were trying to keep them quiet. Everyone was asking Allah why this was happening because we all knew something horrible was about to happen.

The men from the van and cars came into the bus while some others stood outside. They all wore ski masks and had huge assault weapons. Grown men on the bus were crying like little babies in dismay. I just sat there in silence, too afraid to utter a sound. Two men stood at the back of the bus, two in the middle, and three were in the front. One of the men in the front of the bus wore green clothes, and the others wore black. I believe the one who wore green was the leader. I was sitting on the left side of the bus in the middle, next to the window. The seats were built for two people per seat, but four or more sat in each seat.

There was a newly wed couple sitting at the back of the bus, shaking with horror. The terrorist thought that this was funny, so they began to torture them. One guy was kissing all over the bride, while the others were beating the man and letting him watch his wife being mis-handled. They then took her to the van, and several men raped her, repeatedly. I could hear her screaming, asking them to stop. I couldn't imagine the rage that the husband must have felt after knowing what happened to his wife. When she came out of the van she could barely walk and all her clothes were ripped. When the husband saw the condition of his wife, he became furious, lashing out at the terrorists. Eventually, they killed the man in front of his wife, leaving her alone in the world of wilderness. These are experiences a soul can never forget.

The terrorists had everyone get out of the bus and line up along side the bus. They told us to take out our passports. Passports were used to prove how old a person was. By knowing how old one was, they decided whether one would live or not. Some guys didn't want to get off of the bus because they were too afraid of what was going to happen to them. If they refused to come, they were hit on the heads with guns and sworn at.

The terrorists then separated the men from the women. Everyone was crying in dismay. Families and friends were

being separated from each other, afraid that it would be the last time seeing each other. Then they told us to take off our clothes, so they could laugh and make fun of us. They gave us old clothes to replace the ones that we had on. When I turned my head, I saw seven or eight young women being taken to the cars. Those who resisted were hit on their heads with the guns and had their hair pulled as they were thrown into the cars. All the terrorists were laughing while this form of torture occurred. The leader said that this was their way of showing the world justice and that was the way it should be. He said that anyone who tried to run away would be beaten like a dog and killed. The thought of running away was immediately dashed from everyone's mind. It would be too hard and dangerous; there was no way to leave.

Then they separated people who were over twenty and under twenty. A man grabbed my shirt and said I had to go with the people who were over twenty, but I was only twelve years old. A woman who I didn't even know begged the men to let me go, and said that I was her only son. I didn't understand what was happening; I was so scared that I was trembling all over. I know now that she is the only reason I am alive today. Allah says that lying is a sin, but I believe if you lie in order to save another's life, then it is not.

The men who were over twenty years old were taken about a half mile away, and the only sounds I heard were shots, screams, and cries, punctuated by the laughter of the terrorists. The result was a human pile of young, dead people, intertwined with each other. We instinctively knew that when they were taken, they wouldn't be coming back. When they came back, they commenced beating the guys who were under twenty across their faces with guns. I was still with the lady who said I was her son, so I was spared. She tried to cover my eyes so I wouldn't see, but I wouldn't let her.

The leader told us to get on our knees as the men watched us and laughed. The leader tried to scare us by telling us that he was powerful. He said that if we didn't do what he said, he would kill us; we did everything he said, except for one woman. She was screaming at him and telling him how wrong he was to be killing people for no reason. He told her to shut her mouth, but she persisted. He came over to her, about to kill her, but he saw that she had a baby in her arms. He gave her a second chance to shut her mouth, but she still persisted. Then, he took her behind the bus and took her life. I don't know what happened to the baby, but I saw her die before my very own eyes.

The leader then told us to get back on the bus. As we were getting back on the bus, some people were hit on the back of their heads with guns, but I was still protected by the angel woman. There was one guy who lied about his passport and said he was nineteen. One of the guys recognized him and stated that he was over twenty. He was taken off the bus and beaten badly. They threw his head up against the bus, and the whole bus shook. He was then shot in front of everyone. As the warm blood hit the window, everyone cried out in panic. The blood and gray matter was everywhere on the front of the bus. Even though the bus was red, the color of death was very distinctive.

We were all told to be quiet and anyone who wasn't would be killed. We were all afraid to scream, much less breath. I was afraid I was going to die because the terrorists were enraged because of the man who lied about his age.

Everyone else was worried they would be killed too. I thought about saving everyone like in those Rambo movies, but I knew that was fiction, and I would just be killed. Besides, I couldn't stop my legs and arms from shaking and feeling like gel.

I wished it was a bad dream. I kept asking Allah why all this was happening, but no answer ever came. I wondered why men, Allah's creatures, could have such bad hearts. How could Allah give those terrorists such sinister hearts? On that day not only were many people killed, but we also lost the hope for their future children. Fathers left their children alone in the wild world. Sons, who hoped to visit their parents and tell them that they loved them, didn't make it. Brothers and friends were separated for good; what a brief life. Four or five people were beaten in front of the bus just for the pleasure of the terrorists. The terrorists were laughing really hard, and my body was shaking. There was blood and human tissues all over the inside and the outside of the bus. Everyone was panicky. People wanted to get the bodies of their loved ones, but were afraid they would be killed by a sniper. Thus, they left the bodies of their loved ones behind.

After a couple of minutes, they just got into their cars and left. Who are these killers put on the earth? Dear Allah, what kind of hearts did you give them. They also have brothers, sisters, mothers, and fathers. Why did they commit murder and rape innocent people?

I think about the untainted souls who tried to go home to their mothers to say that they loved them, only to be killed. What a short journey their life was? None of them knew that their life would be so short; their kids, only three or four years old were left without their mothers and fathers. How will they ever learn about their mothers and fathers? Why did the children have to be left alone? Who are they going to become when they grow up, if they ever make it to an adult age? Where are the answers? Where do you hide them Allah? What wrong did we do that you couldn't hear us?

I never saw the young women who were taken to the cars again. A couple of days later I saw two of the women on television. They were found dead in the streets of the capital, raped and abused. This was one of the worst days of my life, and I couldn't and wouldn't ever hope or wish this experience on anyone.

I really don't know how I got to my Grandma's house, but I was so happy when I got there. I guess Allah helped me and kept me secure. The first couple days that I spent at my grandmother's house my body was constantly shaking, and I couldn't say anything. I told her what had occurred, and my Grandma and I prayed and thanked Allah that nothing had happened to me. When I prayed, I asked Allah many questions. Why did this happen was the paramount question. Why, Allah, did you tell me to be kind to others and send your books with what appears to be wise advice, if all that I am to receive is pain and death? My grandma did a lot for me by explaining the ways of Allah. She explained how a man must present himself to Allah. She said men raise themselves to Allah by asking him questions and receiving answers from Him. She said that most people receive answers, but they don't understand them and they misinterpret them. She said the reason we can't understand the answers is because they lay deep down within our souls and only when we die will we finally find out what they mean, when we hear the true voice of Allah.

After she explained this to me, I started to get back to life again. Still, the picture of life being blown away like a candle always appears before my eyes. Once in a while, the scenes of death come back to mind to haunt me, and I become terrified all over again. I will never be able to forget about what happened to so many innocent people that day. I will never forget the warm, thick blood that slowly oozed out of a woman's body, as her soul slipped away from the earth to leave her child motherless. Those people also loved to live and enjoy life. Life—what a beautiful word; it's the most beautiful thing given to us from Allah. Why would someone want to destroy something so beautiful?

After praying with my grandma and asking the questions I needed to ask, we called my parents. I will never forget how much I hurt my Mom that day. She said she couldn't sleep, knowing that her only son almost died that day. All she could do was cry and worry about me. She couldn't even hold me in her arms to tell me how much she loved me because we were so far away.

Every time I pass through the place where fate took over for several hours those awful pictures of death appear before my eyes. In the war, days were passing by somewhat uneventful, but then again days weren't as noisy as nights. At nights shootings, bombs, screams of help, forgiveness and begging could be heard. However, the answer to those cries was just one gun shot long, and then a long, empty silence persisted. Their answer to the cries was a cold, lifeless body, and a little strangled body next to him or her. It is hard for a little boy to understand why one day his friends are with him playing and the next day when you go to play they are missing, never to be seen again. How many more lives have to leave this world through war? Why couldn't those who died, leave in peace? Sometimes I ask myself why I live to receive the pain, to lose the people I love so much, and one day give up all my dreams and goals and leave myself? It will only bring pain to other people who love me if I left: my lovely mom, sisters, father, grandma, my wonderful aunts, uncles, and cousins. I hate those appalling memories. Why can't all Allah's creatures just get along?

What does war show: nothing except dead, decaying bodies, horror shows, and murder. And who are those who are murdered? Bodies have been found in rivers long after death; no one can say who they are, except that they were murdered by the war. Who killed their dreams, and what have they taken from the world? Who was dreadful enough to create the war guns and all those awful machines? Why does money and power make people so blind that they would do anything to attain them, even take out their own mothers? Why? The only dream I have is of the world peace. As the song "Let There Be Peace On Earth" says;

Let there be peace on earth

And let it begin with me.

Let there be peace on earth,

The peace that was meant to be.

With God as our father,

Brothers all are we.

Let me walk with my brother

In perfect harmony.

Let peace begin with me.

Let this be the moment now.

With every step I take.

Let this be my solemn vow.

To take each moment

And live each moment

In peace eternally.

Let there be peace on earth,

And let it begin with me.



Dear Ima,

My life's dream, besides college, is to be on a talk show. I have tried numerous times to get on Jenny Jones, Springer, and Oprah, but have been rejected each time. I guess my life isn't messed up enough for them. My question is this; do you think it would be wrong for me to lie about something just so I can get on the show, like maybe saying that I dated a transvestite for three years and didn't know it? What do you think?

ITCHIN' FOR SPRINGER

Dear Itchin',

Why not - they're all actors anyway. If you feel that you need to fill that "void" go right ahead. Just remember that there is a very large television at GSU that frequently has talk shows on and a large audience. Think about it.

Dear Ima,

I am having trouble locating my locker. The locker number is not in sequence with the building that it says it should be in. My locker number is A****, I have searched all of A building and have yet to find my locker. HELP!!
LOST IN A WING

Dear Lost in A wing,

Have you thought to check in the office where you recieved your locker assignment from. Probably not. My advice is to check there first, and then come back here for help. By the way that office is located in A wing so you should have no problem finding it. Think about it.

Dear Ima,

I am having problems in my marriage. My husband goes out almost every night and leaves me at home. I admit that I am doing homework, but he could at least ask me, I don't have homework every night. How should I approach him about taking me with him? I'm a little afraid that he might have someone else on the side.

AFRAID OF AN AF-FAIR

Dear Afraid,

Well, first of all you need to get a life. Quit being so absorbed in yourself and pay attention to your husband. Just because he goes out every night doesn't mean he is having an affair, just that he doesn't want to be around you. Maybe your bitchy when your doing homework, or so self centered that you don't even notice him. Think about it.

Dear Ima,

I have a secret crush on a Professor here at School. I will be graduating in December and we are both single. Would it be safe for me to approach him now or, should I wait until after graduation?

SINGLE AT GSU

Ima says Advice from Ima Synick

Dear Single,

I don't know if that would be a good idea., just because of the student-teacher thing. Who told you that he was single, him? I would be leery of this person or if you are dying to be with him get his background history. Otherwise, you may be involved in a messy scenario, and end up on Jerry Springer.

Think about it.

(Editor's Note - Are you so messed up that you think that this column can possibly help you? If so, please send your letters to the *Innovator*, care of the Student Life Office.)

Submissions can be made by intercampus mail, U.S. mail (snail mail), email at cyndil@worldnet.att.net or aries1121@yahoo.com, or visit Ima in the newsroom at A2134.

Not aware

continued from front page

is usually formed when an instance or situation triggers depression that lingers. It is noted that interest is lost in things that were pleasurable to a person at this stage. Someone experiencing severe depression can suffer from chronic fatigue, does not get out of bed, has a decreased appetite and therefore, does not eat, and has a decrease in sexual desire. There also exists a hopelessness or 'why bother?' attitude. However, these symptoms are gradual.

When looking at the possibility of the 33-year-old woman in Chicago driving into the lake out of depression, McCarthy noted that "it wasn't just the sister's death that would have caused her to do that; there is more to it than that."

The depression accumulates from different sources over a period of time. If in fact, the woman drove into the water deliberately, perhaps the sister's death might have been the person's breaking point, but there were other contributing factors.

The screening was provided to the community in the hope of discovering people who need assistance. This is a way that people like McCarthy and Skorupa can "catch people before a tragedy happens."

Free counseling is provided to GSU students. Both Kelly McCarthy and Jessica Skorupa are licensed by the Illinois Department of Professional regulations. McCarthy is a licensed counselor and can be reached at (708) 235-3966. Skorupa is a licensed psychologist and can be reached at (708) 235-3969.

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Reflections



BOOK REVIEW

Chastity Bono's 'Family Outing'

by Caitlin Hall

Michigan Daily (U. Michigan)
10/06/1999

(U-WIRE) ANN ARBOR, Mich.—Chastity Bono's book, "Family Outing," written with Billie Fitzpatrick, is not a tell-all autobiography of a child of icons. In fact, the book is a practical guide to the coming out process for gays and lesbians and their families.

Bono incorporates her own story as well as those of a diverse group of people to show the wide range of experiences gays have while coming out. These people are both men and women from a wide variety of places with different religious and economic backgrounds. Though different in many ways, Bono tells their stories in a manner that displays the common issues of gays and lesbians while coming out. The book also shows how these specific parents and families deal with the situation.

Though the book is multi-focused, exploring a variety of people and issues, Bono incorporates her own story as well. She speaks of her family in a personal way. By doing so, Cher comes across as a mother of a lesbian daughter, not a famous actress and singer. Bono describes her experience of coming out to her family as relatively painless. Her mother was upset at first, less because she was gay than because she had told other people before her. Eventually, Cher became supportive and accepting. Her father was supportive from the beginning.

The inspiration for the book came while Bono was working for the Human Rights Campaign and as a writer for "The Advocate." "I realized there wasn't another book that existed like it," she said in a recent interview. She also wanted to illustrate the process by using "as diverse a group of people as possible." While reviewing books for "The Advocate," she noticed there were many books on coming out but none that dealt with the experience as a family issue.

Family issues for Bono were often public. Though she came out to her family when she was 18, Bono

did not come out publicly until 1995 when she appeared on the cover of "The Advocate." Her mother went on to win an Oscar for "Moonstruck," and her father went on to become a U.S. congressman. Chastity Bono was, consequently, a public figure and a subject of the tabloids. She was ousted by the tabloids when she was 18, which forced her back in the closet for five years. Her decision to come out publicly in 1995 was made because she wanted to end rumors about her sexuality.

It is ironic that she made this decision to end the talk about her

sexuality. "I just wanted to be done with it all," says Bono, "I just thought it would end it." The interview led to Bono's involvement with political movements and her public role as a spokesperson and activist for the gay and lesbian community.

During the interview, Sonny Bono said things that got him in trouble with the religious right, which eventually caused him to change his views. She felt that this was the "ultimate hypocritical move," both as a father and as a politician. Despite their differences, Chastity describes their opposing views as "a political

problem, not a personal problem." At the time of her father's death, they had not yet resolved their differences.

"Family Outing: contains candid conversations between both mother and daughter. Bono's idea is to show the experiences without elaborate explanation. This technique, followed by a summary, lets the reader experience the story on a very personal level. The book's strong point is its intimacy and diverse examples. Even though it covers the same subject, the details vary and the stories seem familiar without feeling repetitive.

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Entertaining arts

Martin Lawrence Jams in *Blue Streak*

by Henry Stuttley

He's baaaack!!! The comedian of the 90's who brought you the Def Comedy Jam and the sitcom, the Martin Lawrence show, is back. And based on his hit-comedy, *Blue Streak*, Martin Lawrence has not lost the skill to entertain a diverse audience.

Lawrence plays Miles, a burglar, who along with three guys, broke into a building with the help of some high-tech gadgets in order to steal a \$17 million diamond. Miles obtains the diamond, but one of the guys is killed, another partner is captured by the police, and Tully, who is played by comedian Dave Chapel, escapes in the getaway car. Meanwhile, police dogs chase Miles to a construction site with the diamond, where he uses tape to secure the diamond inside an air duct on the 3rd floor. The police capture Miles and he is imprisoned for a measly two years.

But what makes the movie so funny is that it allows Lawrence to be himself, a true comedian. In one extremely hilarious scene, Miles is being released from prison and regains his belongings at the front desk. However, noticing that a shoestring is missing from one of his shoes, he asks the guard, "What happened to my shoestring man...you had to floss your ass with it?"

Anyway, he goes to the construction site where he left the diamond and discovers it's a police station. So how do you think he tries to get on the 3rd floor and seize the diamond? Well, he improvises and becomes a pizza man and unsuccessfully attempts to deliver three boxes of pizza to the 3rd floor. Using sheer determination, Miles gets a friend who is into making phony IDs to make one for him, using the ID he snagged from a real officer, putting his picture on the card.

Now Miles is on the other side of the law and goes to the police station and pretends he has been transferred in from a different precinct. In many occasions, Miles tries to get the diamond, but gets distracted by chasing the bad guys. In a scene, which Miles and his partner enter a convenience store to get a few snacks, a robber sticks up the store. But guess who the robber is? That's right, his old friend Tully. So now Miles is caught between helping Tully escape and arresting him. But Tully has other plans; he tries to get some of the money from the diamond he thinks Miles has in his possession or he threatens to blow Miles' cover. Nevertheless, in an extremely funny scene, Miles talks Tully into letting himself be arrested by him

and instantly wrestles Tully to the ground to gain the admiration of the entire police department.

Finally, Miles' other crime partner catches up with him to get back the diamond. But in a struggle with Miles, he is shot and killed by Miles. And the movie ends with Miles going across the border into Mexico.

If you are a hard-working person who has a full-time job in addition to going to school, or you might just be stressed out from your busy schedule, then by all means, watch this movie so you can enjoy the gift that Martin Lawrence has been blessed with; the gift to make people laugh.

I Got The Shivers at Navy Pier

by Camille Cialoni

Recently, some friends and I decided to enjoy a day of Indian Summer, thereby, we traveled to Navy Pier for a stroll along the lake. As we were walking along the pier, we stumbled upon a small crowd gathering around a stage where I heard the sounds of bluesy jazz.

The band was Lynne Jordan and the Shivers. It was made up of five

instrumentalists and a lead female vocalist. The band's music was a vivacious blend of blues and jazz, and Jordan's soulful, gospel voice was an added plus. The Shivers performed mostly original tunes on the Miller Lite Stage (which is located across from the ballroom.) They were also nice enough to let an audience member sing with them. Then, they proceeded to gather involvement and excitement from the crowd along with enormous levels of applause. The audience grew from approximately 30 to around 200 as people flocked to see the show. The once sparsely populated stage became a dancing mass of fun, as people of all ages "danced the blues."

The best part was that this experience was fun and FREE. No, you did not have to purchase a ticket to witness the band. I highly recommend this group; they are definitely worth the ride to the city.

If you enjoy good blues and jazz, check out Lynne Jordan and the Shivers. I didn't realize who they were until they sang one of the songs that WXRT plays frequently. After that, I made the connection as to who they

What's Going On at Navy Pier.....

compiled by Camille Cialoni

October List

Make Mine Music

Navy Pier skyline Stage
through Nov. 11

A theatrical potpourri of American Music

The Hauntings At Navy Pier

Navy Pier

Oct. 1 - Oct. 31

Oktoberfest

Navy Pier

Oct. 1 - Oct. 3

Live entertainment and traditional Austrian and German fare event kicks-off with a "Tapping of the KEG" at 4:30 PM Oct 1, followed by the sounds of Blaskapelle Luchtrigen, a 35-piece brass band from Germany

Haunted Boat Tours

Navy Pier

Oct. 8 - Oct. 31

Decorated with spectral apparitions, costumed crew members will navigate the Shoreline vessel around the lakefront while professional storytellers spin maritime tales

Antony and Cleopatra

Chicago Shakespeare Theater on Navy Pier

Oct 15- Dec 6

Barbara Gaines directs Chicago Shakespeare Theater's inaugural production at its new home on Navy Pier; love and imperial laws are at war in this drama based on Shakespeare's *Poetry*

Midwest Bookhunters Fall Book Fair

Navy Pier Grand Ballroom

Oct 17

More than 70 dealers will offer antiquarian and rare books, first editions, out-of-print texts, and collectible and used books in all fields.

Chicago Shakespeare Theater Open Forums

Chicago Shakespeare Theater on Navy Pier

Oct 30- May 6, 2000

Scholars join forces with the artistic staff to explore with you in an open discussion Shakespeare's plays and Shicago Shakespeare's current productions.

Chicago Shakespeare Theater Post-show Discussions

Chicago Shakespeare Theater on Navy Pier

Oct 30- May 6, 2000

Discussions with members of the cast following every Wednesday afternoon performance, plus selected Sunday matinees, and all are invited. No reservations necessary.

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Eric turns Maggie's question into a rap.

off the mark

by Mark Parisi

www.offthemark.com

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A FUTURE JOURNALIST ABOUT TO GET HIS FIRST "PULL-IT SURPRISE"

Crossword 101

"Bare Necessities"

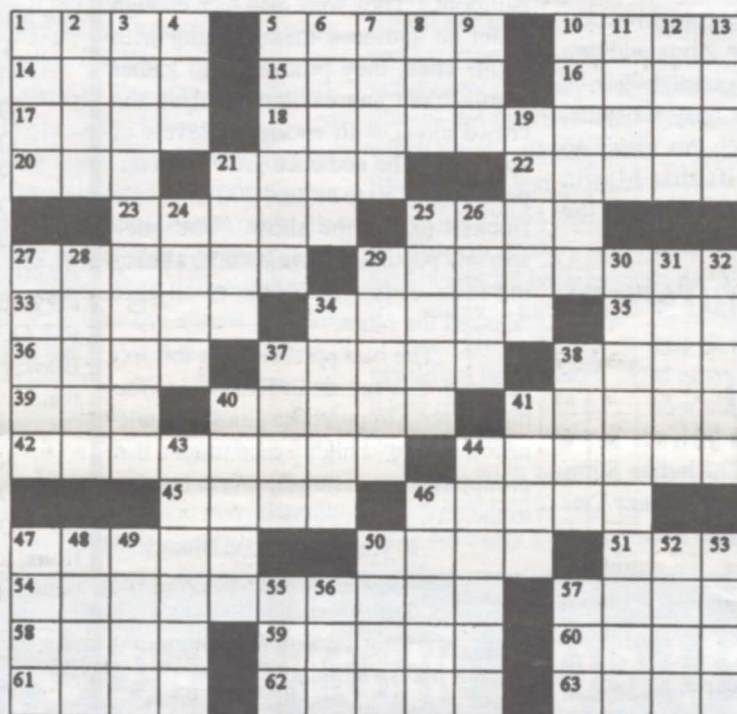
By Ed Canty

ACROSS

- 1 Asian desert
- 5 Italian river
- 10 Roosevelt follower
- 14 Matures
- 15 Love
- 16 Met offering
- 17 Joint
- 18 *Crimson Tide* icon
- 20 According to
- 21 Jealousie part
- 22 Edward __: Playwright
- 23 Wins at chess
- 25 Pedro's delicacy
- 27 Calculating machine
- 29 Marvelously
- 33 Defied
- 34 Sacks
- 35 Henri's essential liquid
- 36 Sorts
- 37 Skirt styles
- 38 Follows river or snow
- 39 Literary inits.
- 40 Enchantress
- 41 Semi load
- 42 Gorges
- 44 Actor Jack
- 45 Insane
- 46 The old 1-2, for one
- 47 Orally
- 50 Musical pairs
- 51 Armed conflict
- 54 *Remember*
- 57 Comedienne Meara
- 58 Wager
- 59 Desert watering holes
- 60 Plenty
- 61 Back talk
- 62 The real __: Genuine
- 63 State of irritation

DOWN

- 1 Catch your breath
- 2 Double curve
- 3 *Wall Street* slump
- 4 Doctrine: Suffix



- 5 Puts off
- 6 Cognitive contents
- 7 Ferry
- 8 Stray
- 9 Yank foe
- 10 Actress Liz
- 11 Mid East resident
- 12 Parking infraction penalty
- 13 London gallery
- 19 Speeds
- 21 Ornamental button
- 24 King toppers
- 25 Shroud city
- 26 Mimics
- 27 Mine entrances
- 28 Model airplane wood
- 29 Deep __: Throws out
- 30 Ride roughshod over
- 31 Tootsie actress
- 32 Northwest Canadian territory
- 34 Subway admissions
- 37 Yogi's glove

- 38 Fishhook part
- 40 Riyadh resident
- 41 Rotating mechanisms
- 43 Hardens
- 44 Forest description
- 46 Italian city
- 47 Goat hair fabrics
- 48 Ms. Horne
- 49 Dobbin's breakfast
- 50 Plate
- 52 Counteractive
- 53 Perch
- 55 __ de plume
- 56 Computer
- 57 Capone and Capp

Quotable Quote

"We live in an age when unnecessary things are our only necessities."

... Oscar Wilde

By GFR Associates E-Mail: EDC9432@aol.com
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THE POLYGON PUZZLES

by Dennis Lee Thom

Hello everyone. Today's puzzles are about gold coins and bricks.

1. Which of the following is worth more, 10 pounds of \$20 gold coins or 20 pounds of \$10 gold coins?
2. Two bricks have the same weight. One of the bricks weighs the same as 1/3 of the other brick plus 2/3 of a pound. How much does each of the bricks weigh?
A. one pound B. two pounds C. three pounds

STICK WORLD



"Uh... did I really say stop by anytime?"

-Carmen C Cerra

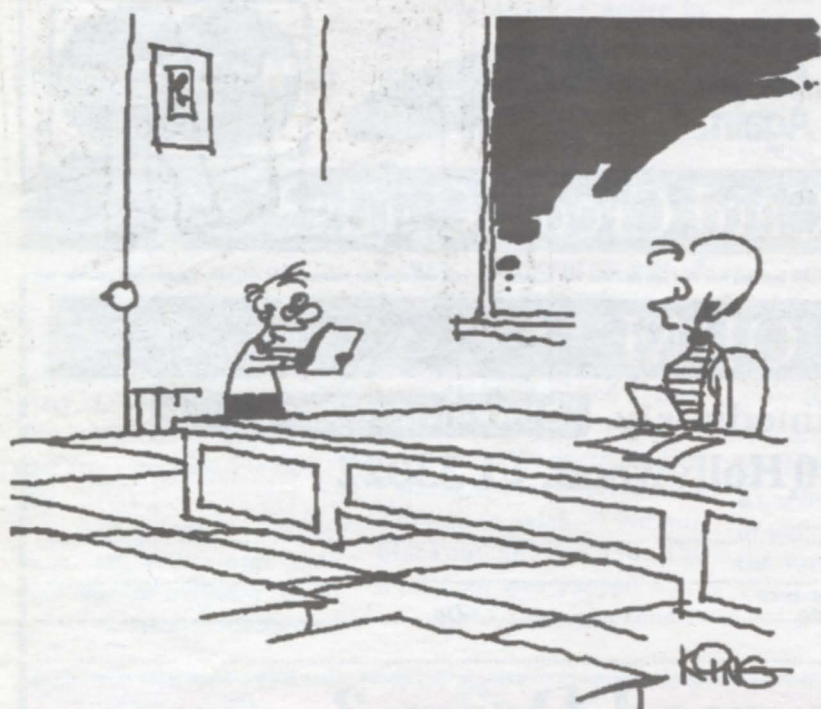


Children, guns, school.

answers to crossword puzzle

G	O	B	I	T	I	B	E	R	T	A	F	T		
A	G	E	S	A	D	O	R	E	A	R	I	A		
S	E	A	M	B	E	A	R	B	R	Y	A	N	T	
P	E	R	S	L	A	T	A	L	B	E	E			
M	A	T	E	S	T	A	C	O						
A	B	A	C	U	S	S	U	P	E	R	B	L	Y	
D	A	R	E	D	F	I	R	E	S	E	A	U		
I	L	K	S	M	A	X	I	S	B	A	N	K		
T	S	E	S	I	R	E	N	C	A	R	G	O		
S	A	T	I	V	A	T	E	S	W	A	R	D	E	N
			N	U	T	S	C	O	M	B	O			
A	L	O	U	D	D	U	O	S	W	A	R			
B	E	A	R	I	N	M	I	N	D	A	N	E		
V	A	N	T	E	O	V	A	S	E	L	O	T	S	
S	A	S	S	M	C	O	Y	S	N	I	T			

BARE NECESSITIES



"Here's my 'what I did over the weekend' report. Some events were fictionalized for dramatic purposes."



"I've changed your names in my autobiography to save you from embarrassment."

CHESS

Really Tough

(Syndicated by the U.S. Chess Federation)

In our continuing adventure into rook and pawn endings you will find that sometimes being two pawns up can be harder than a one pawn margin.

The phenomenon was noticed in the 19th century by Horwitz and Kling, the great endgame composing partnership.

1. Ka5 Rh5+ 2. Rb5 Rh8 3. Rb6!
If 3. Rc5 Black equalizes with 3. ... Rh6!. The text is ingenious because after the White king moves, Black can't take the rook or the b-pawn queens. But White is not out of the woods yet.

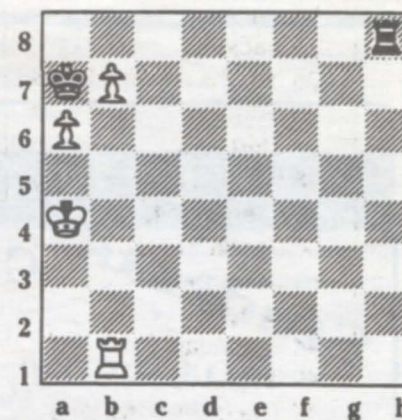
3. ... Rh5+ 4. Kb4 Rh4+ 5. Kc5 Rh5+

Now, apparently, White can't cross the 6th rank, so what's the point of all this? Read on MacDuff!

6. Kd4 Rh4+ 7. Ke5 Rh5+ 8. Kf4 Rh4+ 9. Kg5 Rh8

10. Rc6 Kb8 11. Kg6!

10. Kc1-Kb5 11. Kg1
Finding a way back to the queen-side without losing the rook to an x-ray attack. Have you figured out why White now wants to go back?



White to move and win

11. ... Rf8 12. Kg7 Rd8 13. Kf7 Rh8 14. Ke7 Rh7+ 15. Kd6 Rh6+ 16. Kc5 Rh5+ 17. Kb6 wins.

Memorize the final position because that is your goal. The other moves will fall into place, especially if you remember some of the tricks and traps you saw along the way.

—Pete Tamburro

For free information about how to play, read and write chess, or receiving *Chess Life*, contact the not-for-profit U.S. Chess Federation at 1-800-388-KING (5464), or write USCF, Dept. 71, 3054 NYS Route 9W, New Windsor, NY 12553. You can also visit us on the World Wide Web: <http://www.uschess.org>

Answers to the polygon puzzles

1. 20 pounds of \$10 coins. 20 pounds of gold is worth more than 10 pounds of gold.

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